BIG SANDY NEWS.

LOUISA, KY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1885.

FERGUSON & CONLEY,
PUBLISHERS.

OFFICE—Old brick first door below the Post Office.

TERMS—$1.00 per year in advance If not paid before the end of the yea $1.25 will be charged.

For announcing candidates for:
County offices. $2.50
District offices, 5 00
Strictly in advance.

ORIGIN OF A WAR SONG

Which Speedily Became Popular Throughout the Ranks of the Boys in Blue.

Chicago Herald "Rambler"

I rode down in a Hyde Park train with old . r. eorge F. Root the other after noon and he modestly spoke of the songs he had written during the troublous times of the civil war. I mentioned "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and his eyes lighted up kindly. "That song," he said, "was written at the time of Lincoln's second call for troops. There was plenty of excitement, but in some quarters a lack of patriotism and it was to quicken the sentiments of the people that I wrote the piece. The music and words were written in about two hours. The idea struck me and I did not rise from my seat until the whole thing was finished.

"I was sitting at the piano trying the air once more from the freshly written manuscript on the rack when rank umbard came in. He began telling me of the backwardness of the stay at homes and said he wished for some power to start their patriotism. I said, rank, here's a song I've just written; try it. He hummed over the air, read the words hastily and said It's the very thing . u es and I will sing it to night at the court house. He took the song with him, and I turned to my work. In the evening I had almost forgotten the circumstance, but, remembering it, I walked over to the court house. You remember the old building, black and grimy, that stood in the middle of the square. On the steps stood 'Long' John. He was making a speech to the throng which filled the yard and street opposite. Torches held aloft threw a dim light over the scene.

"Among the people about Wentworth I distinguished the Lumbard boys. When Long John finished he announced that the brothers would sing a new song. Frank and ules stepped forward and sang my work. They both had fine voices in those days. Before they were half through the song the crowd had caught on to the air, and when the chorus of the second verse arrived every one joined in it. It was the proudest moment of my life, for I saw by the enthusiasm of the people that I had written something which would, in its small way, encourage the almost d sheartened northern army. It became very popular, and, am told, was sung by the boys in blue all through the war.

THE MIDDLE-AGED.

PEOPLE WHO ARE STRONG FROM EXPERIENCE AND LONG HABIT.

All the Good Things of Life Not Crowded Into the First Thirty Years—Love and Happiness in Later Life.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Joking aside, is it not time that the middle aged people were setting up their banners and blowing their bugles a little in the world. They have the solid work of fighting to do, while the young folks make all the tantara, and go glittering about the field. Is life really an empty work after 30? Are the best prizes, the keenest zest of enjoyment, the finest relish of art, nature, books, all the good things which God has given us—all of these crowded into those first thirty years? Does the man whose hair is grizzled work less effectually, love less passionately or hate less fiercely than the youth whose lip is barely furred with down?

[illegible]

The young people, in the literature of every country, are credited with all the romance and most of the power of life. As it not been a good deal the fault of middle aged poets and romancers that this is the case? A man finds the years slipping out of his grasp fast and faster, just when the possibilities of life open out before him vast and unconquered. He fancies that he needs nothing but more time to conquer them. "O, that I were young again!" he cries in poem or novel, "happy, omnipotent youth." Whereat, the young people, hearing this dinned into their ears from age to age, fancy that they really are happy and omnipotent. They forgot to count up what they have done. They measure their power by what they dream they can do standing with groping, outstretched hands towards the hazy stretches of life.

At a man has tramped over these stretches They are no longer hazy to him. He has sunk deep into the quagmires; he knows where the best paths lie; he has climbed the peaks and breathed the pure heavenly airs there. He has lost the elan and the blind daring with the impregnable self confidence of youth. But he knows himself he has now, if ever, found out his work, he holds it well in hand. He has the strength which comes from tried skill experience and long habit. Granted there is less romance in his view of life than in that of his son, the undergraduate, but there is reality. It is the difference between the fantastic lights of a picture and the sun which warms the blood and makes the corn rise and red; between the tin sword in the actor's hand and the keen dagger which cuts to the heart.

LATER LOVE.

As for love, all novels end with marriage. The fervor, the delight, the reality of the passion, we are told, belongs to youth; middle age sinks into dull gray monotony of common-place habit. In fact, it is the young whose love finds utterance in sighs, in poems, in at best a selfish monopoly of the beloved one. It is the middle-aged man and woman who quietly sacrifice day by day every hope and ambition, every talent and taste which gives them identity among men; who become drudges, who give health, strength, life itself, drop by drop, for love.

As for happiness, we suspect a much larger share comes into a man's life in middle age than ever before. In the first place, clever young Americans with education, as a rule, are melancholy. They are not content with their capital in life, unless it includes a misery which they can nurse and coddle. The middle-aged man is past this weakness. He is satisfied to take the cup of life which each day brings, without stirring it up to find the dregs. To the young man every grief is immortal. The older one knows it will end in a month or a year; the junior takes pleasure in art, in books, in music, even in friendship in a scrappy, inconsistent, feverish way. The elder knows where to find his enjoyment, and drinks it in prolonged, deep, leisurely draughts.

In short, if youth and old age have won all the praise of the poets heretofore, much is left to be said by common sense of the golden mean of life.

Old Style and New.

Chicago Herald.]

Two signs in the window of a dealer in surgical appliances in New York read: "Old Style Leg" and "New Style Leg." They show that there is a fashion in artificial legs. The old style leg consisted of a short wooden stump and socket, which was to be fastened to the remaining portion of the member by a stout broad strap. It was of the same style usually exhibited in picture books and on the comic opera stage. The new style leg was a flesh colored copy of a human leg and foot, light and apparently as comfortable as a cripple would require.

Oldest Almanac in the World.

Demorest's Monthly.

An almanac 3,000 years old found in Egypt, is in the British museum. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian. The days are written in red ink, and under each is figure followed by three characters, signifying the probable state of the weather for that day. Like the other Egyptian manuscripts it is written on papyrus. It is written in columns, but is not in its integrity having been evidently torn before its owner died.

[illegible]

[illegible]

A judge was called on in China recently to decide between two mothers as to whom belonged an infant. He drew a chalk ring on the ground, placed the baby in the center and told the mothers whoever dragged it out must be the owner. One, from affection, declined to pull at the child, and was awarded it.

Planting Trees in Bed Rock.

[illegible]

Some sixteen years ago Mr. Rutter began the planting of trees over holes bored in the so called "bed rock," or hardpan, and the success of his experiments has led to a more or less general adoption in that district of the plan of breaking up the bed rock for orchard planting. Boring and blasting are often employed together to secure not only drainage, but also the access of the tree roots to the rich store of nutriment in the once dense hardpan.

But the expense of planting in this manner is considerable. The cost of boring and blasting, added to that of trees, prevents many poor men from availing themselves of the advantages of "bedrock holes." So planting still goes on over the unbroken bedrock. While there are numerous thrifty orchards so planted, the benefits of perforating and breaking up the lower strata are so great that any method which will bring these advantages within the reach of men of limited means must prove an invaluable boon.